A Feaſt full of ſad cheere,
Where griefes are all on heape:
Where ſollace is full deere,
And ſorrowes are good cheape.

At London,
Printed for William Holme, and are
to be ſold at his ſhoppe, neere the great
North doore of Paules.
1592.

# To the Right Worſhipfull, my moſt worthy affectionate friend, Maiſter *Iohn Stanner*, one of the Queenes Maieſties Priuie Chamber, & Poſt-maiſter *of England. Thomas Church-yard wiſheth much hap, great health, with great proſperity, and increaſe of deſired credite.*

(·.·)

I AM BOLD RIGHT VVORſhipfull, on the generall report of good people, and great commendation that the worthieſt ſort giues you (beſides mine own affection) to preſent a fewe ſorrowfull verſes vnto your protection and iudgement. And the rather moued to write of ſome ſad inuention, becauſe I neuer knewe you delight in light or wanton diſcourſes. Many times I haue beheld the eeuen carriage of your behauiour and good inclination, towards vertuous exerciſes & ſtudies, that many wayes produced as much benefite to thoſe you fauour, as procured profit and commoditie to your ſelfe: a naturall diſpoſition of a good minde, neceſſary to bee about Princes, and a bleſſednes that in theſe dayes is not common among men. And for feare I ſhould runne too far in thoſe cauſes by manifeſt ſpeeches (which is not commonly allowed) I deſire no more in you, but a continuance of goodnes and thoſe vertues rehearſed, and ſo fall I to my purpoſed matter. The troth is good Sir, in the long pilgrimage of mine, I purchaſed many good friendes (requiſite for my infortunat life) which friends did no ſoner encreaſe, but in a manner as quickly went away, either by death or ſome vnwelcome accident: and loozing dayly one or an other that ſtood mee in great ſteede, I bethought me ouer-often on my great loſſe, ſo ſhaping a kinde of lamentation in that behalfe to expreſſe the want of ſuch friendes, I preſumed to offer you this ſimple Pamphlet, as a teſtimony to be thankfull to thoſe that did me pleaſure, (the Biſhop of Oxford one of the chiefeſt,) and to keepe their fauour I honour and loue, who now are aliue.

# The Epiſtle.

This triſle in verſe, is named, *A Feaſt of ſad cheere*, becauſe the beſt banquets I can make to my friendes, is but bare Tragedies, Epitaphes, or ſuch bitter fruite as fewe doe feede on, and many takes no taſte in, the ſowrnes of my delicates ſo little delights a multitude. And indeed Syr now I am left voyd of al prouiſion, and am compelled to preſent ſuch things as comes next to my hande, becauſe a Booke called my Challenge, (dedicated to the honorable, Maiſter Secretarie *Wolley*,) hath caried away moſt, or all together of my other conceits: yet my hope is, this little recreation that I offer you, ſhall be as well accepted, as though I could haue feaſted you with a finer Banquet; for you knowing mine abilitie in furniture and knowledge, I truſt you will take well in worth what of good will I am able to bring.

Thus wiſhing you much harts eaſe, worldly hap, and heauenlie felicitie, I take my leaue, deſiring you with fauour to reade that which followeth.

THE

# The Epitaphe of the Right honorable the Earle of Worſter that laſt died, Knight of the moſt honorable order of the Garter.

NO day ſo cleere, but brings at length darke night,
Faire flowers doe fade, as faſt as they doe groe:
No torch nor lampe, but burnes away their light,
Sunne ſhines awhile, then vnder clowde doth goe;
The lyfe of man, is heere compared ſo.
It laſts a ſpace, till borrowed breath be paid:
And then cold corſe, in Tombe or graue is laid.
No honor, wealth, nor force, nor wiſedomes lore,
Nor famous praiſe
Prolongs our daies,
VVhen Death drawes neere, and man may liue no more.

The greateſt Kings, are onely borne to die,
Like pooreſt men, their paſſage hence they take:
And noble Earles, that ſits in honor hie,
And all eſtates, of life an end muſt make;
Yet waile I will, for worthy *Worſters* ſake,
His loyall loue, to Prince and Country ſuch:
As in our age, can not be praiſd too much.
In Wales well likt, in England honord ſtill
For lordly minde,
And hart moſt kinde
To all his friendes: which wan the worlds good will.

Brought vp in Court, among the Princely ſort,
Of manner milde, as his eſtate might forde:
Held ſtately houſe, with traine and princely port,
Right ſpare of ſpeech, yet wiſe and waer in word;
Moſt glad of gueſtes, and pleaſant at his boord.
Full franck and free, where things were nobly ſpent:
To each degree, of nature throw-well bent.
As though a ſpring in *Ragland* Caſtle were,
To pleaſure thoſe
That bounty knowes,
And had deſire to draw ſweet water there.

This Earle had ioy, to haue his ſtable fild,
With faire great Horſe, that were for ſeruice fit:
And was himſelfe, in ryding as well skild,
As any man, that myght in ſaddle ſit;
Could vſe the Horſe, with euery kinde of bit.
On horſe and hound, had much deſire to looke:
In building to, a great delight he tooke.
In all good gifts, and artes had ſure ſome ſight,
Like noble man,
That now and than
Could paſſe off time, with matters graue or light.

And whan beſt proofe, of him good people had,
A ſickines came, and tooke him hence in haſt:
The newes whereof, makes friendes & neighbors ſad,
Who hopes his ſoule, the heauens haue imbraſt;
Loe Lordings all, how heere our time we waſte.
Our daies are ſhort, our race is quickly run:
We ſlip away, like ſhadow in the Sun.
To day on foote, to morrow downe in graue,
From world we goe
Both hie and loe,
All *Adams* ſeede no better ſurety haue.

*FINIS.*

The

# THE EPITAPH OF the Right honorable Sir *Iames Acrofft*, late Controller of the Queenes Maieſties Houſholde.

IF world were waxt vnkind, and would forget what heere is done:
And cleane weare out of mind, the doubtful race that men do run,
True writers ſhould reuiue, time paſt for feare old age would ruſt,
And ſome young heads aliue, would burie vertue in the duſt.
VVhere are our famous Kings, the ſhepheards of our Engliſh heard,
That conquerd many things, and made our enemies all affeard,
Our world remembers none, with princely Tombes, or blaſt of praiſe,
They are no ſooner gone, but their renowne in world decayes.
Their Counſellers likewiſe, whoſe wiſedome held vp tottring ſtate,
Once dead we doe deſpiſe, we beare in breaſt ſuch hart borne hate.
Thus world is worſe then nought, his care and iudgement is ſo ſmall,
It neuer takes no thought, for nothing heere that may befall.
But God that all doth ſee, and giues man grace and gift of pen,
Of late hath moued mee, with verſe to honour worthy men.
Than come Syr *Iames Acrofft*, a Knight who ſerud 4. princes great,
Who Fortune fauourd oft, and who ſate long in Senate ſeate.
(Who was a while vizroy, and then of Wales vizpreſident to,
Did many roomes enioy, which none aliue may eaſily doe.)
Come take the Crowne Ciuicque, that *Cæſar* gaue for true renowne,
Not one may weare the like, in warlike fielde or walled Towne.
But thoſe that beares in breſt, to Country ſuch great loue and zeale,
As ſtill they doe their beſt, to ſerue both Prince & Common-weale.

Let *Fraunce* & *Scotland* both, and *Ireland* ſhew in louing ſort,
His duety and his troth, bid all thoſe Realmes yeeld true report.
And tell me who can ſay, now borne in this our *Britiſh* ſoyle,
He paſſed cleere this day, through ſuch great roomes without ſome (foyle.
And laſt in Court of all, Sir *Iames Acroffts* Controller was,
That credite is not ſmall, that place through many perrils paſſe.
Yet that and all the reſt, of honors he poſſeſſed heere,
Fild neyther purſe nor cheſt, for he bought all thoſe honors deere.
VVith loſſe of time and wealth, and dreadfull dangers day and night,
To hazard life and health, and all he had for Countryes right.
Yea in his braueſt boaſt, when he in greateſt fauour ſtood,
And profits deſerud moſt, the Princes died ſhould doe him good.
Saue one, a Queene moſt rare, (to whom great God great grace dooth (ſend)
Tooke of his caſe ſom care, & thought to help him in the end.
But ere the comfort came, his blaze and candle cleane went out,
And meeke & milde as lambe, (that doth no death nor danger doubt)
He tooke his laſt farewell: and ſo loſt life, lands, goods and all,
To her he ſerued well, ſo long as he was at her call.
Loe what miſhaps men haue, to riſe, and rule, and gouerne mych:
Yet going to their graue, the world may ſee they die not rych.
A ſigne they had no hord, but had their hope in Prince and troth:
By ſeruice and by ſword, to purchaſe fame and treaſure both.
Now lowe in earth he lies, (that hie did ſit and beare great ſway:)
Tyll he and wee ſhall riſe, and heare our doome at Iudgement day.

*FINIS.*

Sir

# Sir William Winter, Knight, his *Epitaphe*.

WHat mourning verſe or careful cries, ſhal ſerue where ſadnes floes:
Where ſoking ſighes and blobred eyes, a world of ſorrowe ſhoes.
Be ſtill and mute, ô houſe of ioy, giue groning griefe ſome place:
Turne ſolſace ſweet to ſowre annoy, that ſoone is ſeene in face.
Let gladſome mirth goe where it pleaſe, make woe a welcome gueſt:
Bid each delight and wiſhed eaſe, diſlodge from troubled breſt.
Let ſports and pleaſures ſilent be, and name no earthly blis:
For heauy harts doe beſt agree, where death and dollor is.
So if you ſhape your ſelues to heare, what did by death befall:
This verſe may chaunce to change your cheare, & make you mourne withall.
A knight here lies but late aliue, who purchaſt pereles praiſe:
Who nobly long for fame did ſtriue, by ſeruiſe ſundry waiſe.
On ſea and land a happy man, that bore a Lyons hart:
Who honor wealth & worſhip wan, throw ſword and due deſart.
His skill and councell gaue great grace, where martial people were:
And where he ſhewd his manly face, he put his foes in feare.
A victor that brought conqueſt home, from many a fight and field:
A Champion that in hard attempts, had rather die then yield.
A chieftain oft that might commaund, both ſhips & men good ſtore:
A gallant guide that throw would goe, and leade them all before.
His preſence promiſd good ſucceſſe of all he tooke in hand:
A cheereſull comfort in diſtreſſe, a lode-ſtar of our Lande.
A worthy that had great regard, of charge and liues of men:
A wight in world right well preferd, by ſword but not by pen.

Moſt graue of words and ſtout of mind, ful conſtant, firme and faſt:
Not turnd like weltring waues with wind, nor ſturd by ſtorme or blaſt.
A targe of proofe to publique ſtate, of iudgement deepe and great:
That could of Countries weale debate, like Sage in Senate ſeate.
A ſparke of *Mars* by ſpeech & lookes, wherein the world might ſpy:
A warlike mind a worthy head, a hart and courage hye.
His ſeruice laſt on ſea declard, what kinde of man he was:
Whoſe worth is of as great regard, as gold is from the glaſſe.
VVhat want of him haue we the while, to leeſe this Iewell now:
VVhoſe valour ſhowne amid this Ile, lyke pearle in princely brow.
Come Souldiours then with drum and fife, and ſound his deere adue:
Lament the loſſe of *Winters* life, in black ſad mourning hue.
Come Captaines all both rich and poore, with ſhot & Armor bright,
And traile your Collours on the flowre, in honor of this Knight.
Come wofull babes, come ſun and ayre, caſt off your garments gay:
And clap on robes of deepe diſpaire, to waile this diſmall day.
Cold death hath doone vs all this wrong, by griefe that body bred:
For *Winter* might haue liued long, and had not now beene dead:
If Death gaue not conſent thereto, that lyes like priuie watch:
But loe, what Cannon could not doe, Death made thereof diſpatch.
Yet at the brūt of all this broyle, whē conſcience caſt account: (mount.
How ſoone the life ſhould leaue this ſoile, and where the ſoule ſhould
He held vp hands with ſtaied thought, to higheſt clowdes aboue:
And ſo ſet all the world at nought, and died as meeke as Doue.
We hope the heauens haue embraſt, the ſoule we could not keepe:
And that by grace is *Winter* plaſt, in *Abrams* breſt to ſleepe.

*FINIS.*

## The good Maiſter *VVilliam Holſtocks* Epitaph, Controller of the Queenes Maieſties Nauie.

MVſe not to ſee this man in Tombe, all fleſh to graue muſt goe,
Death calls for life (ere day of doome) to pay the debt we owe.
He went from world when woūlds good wil, embraſt him eu'ry where,
For whom his friends ſits wayling ſtill, and ſheds full many a teare.
What taketh breath and life muſt die, the beſt and woiſt takes leaue,

What

What comes from earth in earth muſt lie, els we our ſelues deceaue.
Then worldlings waile the dead no more, he liues & dwels in skye,
For *Holſtocke* did but goe before, to learne vs all to die.
In youth this forward Martiall man, was ſtill in ſeruice great,
Where he much fame and credite wan, through many a warlike feate.
In age his care of Country ſuch, as he lou'd nothing more,
Whereon he could not talke too much, if cauſe fel out therefore.
Hys courage alwaies him prefard, (whiles he in world did liue,
To worthy place of great regard, which Prince did freely giue,
As he increaſt to wiſhed wealth, or worſhip through deſart,
He ſhewd in ſicknes and in health, a cheerefull libral hart.
Held houſe and plentious table ſtill, full long and many a yeere,
Did welcome gueſts with great good wil, that came to taſt his cheere.
Made much of all good vertuous men, and what ſo ere befell,
Was glad and pleaſant now and then, with thoſe he liked well.
Full wiſe in deede and waer of word, and carefull of his charge,
And alwaies free and francke at boord, where his expence was large.
Belou'd and praiſd of poore and rich, and prayd for ſundry waies,
Good *Holſtocke* ſhall be miſſed much, in theſe hard needy daies.
A conſcience cleere, a fayth moſt fearme, a currant ſtampe of truth,
Kept touch and promiſe, time and tearme, fearde God in age & youth.
A mighty minde in ſtature meane, that ventred life full oft,
On ſea or land among the beſt, that looked moſt aloft.
Good writers haue in ſeueral bookes, ſet forth his value throw,
That thoſe which on the ſeruice lookes, ſhould honor *Holſtocke* now.
As lyfe got laude, ſo he at death, to friends and children ſaid,
O babes before I yeeld vp breath, and Pilgrims part be plaid,
I bleſſe you all, and giue my goods among you as I may.
Then in the bed ſhrunke downe his head, and went like blaze away.
The good he did in his accounts, where ſoule now pleading is,
He feeles, where heauenly ioy ſurmounts, all kind of earthly blis.

*FINIS.*

The

# The Epitaphe of Doctor *Vnderhill* latelie B. of Oxforde.

WHat helpeth hap or due deſerts to bee in fauour here,
Whē life is mixt with ſuch orethwarts, we buy our fortunes dere.
Gay gold or pearle brought home from farre, at end conſumes away,
Great fame attainde by peace or warre, doth quickly heere decay.
The loue of friends and fauour won, of wiſe and worthy wights,
Steales hence like ſhadow of the ſun, or ſtars in moonſhine nights.
Sate I not ſafely *Vnderhill*, (in calmie vale below,)
From bitter blaſts and tempeſts ſtill, how ere the winde did blow.
What ſuddaine ſtorme then troubles me, that had ſo ſure a ſeate,
Hath winters waſt blown down my tree, that feard no ſummers heat.
O tell harde Deſtnies why you did, enuy my happy ſtate?
In fury now, O God forbid I ſhould cry out on fate.
Or braule & chide with churliſh Death, for when we hence muſt goe,
What beareth life or draweth breath, are borne to die I knoe.
My friend is gone, the paſsing bell hath rung his ruſull end,
The graue God wote we ſee full well, doth for his corſe attende.
Now *Vnderhill* lyes vnder ground, knit vp in ſheete full ſl ort,
Whoſe wit and learning did abound, as Oxford makes report.
He Biſhop was of that faire ſeate, where floods of wiſdome floes,
To whoſe ſweet ſprin.gs and Fountaine great, a world of people goes.
O would to God he had beene there, when he his time did waſte,
And caught conceit ſome other where, that halde him hence in haſte.
His lyfe was ſuch that none could ſtaine, with any blot or crime,
Vnmatcht alone he did remaine, and ſo ſpent all his time.
In chaſte content and ſingle wiſe, a good report to gaine,
As one that did this world deſpiſe, and held all pleaſure vaine.
Held houſe and table in ſuch rate, as though his rent had bin,
As great as any hie eſtate, whoſe wealth comes flowing in.

Kept

Kept men that had good gifts of grace, lou'd thoſe that worthy were,
To ſchollers ſhewd a cheerefull face, relieu'd them eu'ry where.
His bounty and large librall minde, did daily ſo exceede,
That he was glad ſome cauſe to finde, to helpe all thoſe that neede.
His words were of ſo great a waight, to ballance eu'rie caſe,
That who ſo heard his iudgement ſtraight, would giue his wiſedome place.
His cenſure made the ſentence cleere, & ſo ſhut vp the dout,
That ſure a ioy it was to heare, him canuaſe queſtions out.
His loue and zeale to Prince and ſtate, in Pulpit was expreſt,
And what thereof he did debate, ſurmounted all the reſt.
His hauiour was ſo ſweet and meeke, that men might eaſely know,
No vertue was in him to ſeeke, he made ſo full a ſhowe.
For friendſhip, faith, and dealings iuſt, he paſt the greater ſort,
An vpright man of ſpeciall truſt, with paſsing comely port.
A thunder-bolt to forraine foes, a skurge to each new Sect,
And one the Lord aboue had choſe, to be his owne elect.
Full long before his leaue he tooke, and life made his laſt end,
Vnto the heauens did he looke, and praied with a frend.
And when the pangs of death aroſe, as ſicknes did increaſe,
He held vp hands and eyes did cloſe, and went away in peace.
O England hadſt thou many ſuch, to be thy Iewels now,
Thou could'ſt not praiſe thoſe men too much, if thou wilt way them throw.
Not I alone lament the loſſe, for many more there be,
A liue to beare this heauy croſſe, of ſorrow now with me.

*FINIS.*

The quick I fawne not on, the dead may none diſpiſe,
Speake well of thoſe are gone, is likt among the wiſe.
The quick muſt die or droope, as faireſt flowre in field,
Vnto the ſtrongeſt troope, the weakeſt force doth yield.
So to the vertuous ſort, that leaues good name behinde,
I yeeld but true report, to call the dead to minde.

# The vnhappy mans deere adewe, that findes nothing good cheape but ſorrowe.

(***)

IF *Scipio* ſaid,hys Countrey was ingrate,
And would not haue,his bones be buried there:
If *Tullie* found,a moſt vnthankfull ſtate,
Whoſe foule rebukes,no manly minde might beare;
Then I may walke,like Pilgrim eu'ry where.
As one compeld,to ſhunne from natiue ſoyle:
Where labour long, reapt nought but loſſe and toyle.

Youth firſt beguilde,in Court with hope forlorne,
Than middle age, all wearied with ſharp war:
And nowe olde eld, to liue in lack and ſcorne,
Whoſe wounded limbs, ſhowes many a wofull skar;
And ſundry waies,conſum'd with trauaile far.
Theſe open plagues, and inward griefes of mind:
Cryes out and ſaith, my Country is vnkinde.

I ſeru'd in field,foure Princes of greate fame,
Borne vnder thoſe, an humble ſubiect true:
Three other Kings,of great renowne and name,
In faithfull ſort,I ſeru'd for wages due;
But heere liege Lords,I doe appeale from you,
That neuer did,aduaunce my loyall hart,
For treble toile, for paines, nor iuſt deſart.

Ten thouſand haue found Fortunes fauour good,
Since I began to tread the ſteps of time:
And thouſands roſe,that in meane places ſtoode,
And to the top of Fortunes wheele did clime;
Since I poſſeſt one dram of worldly ſlime.
Yea, eu'ry Waſpe,and hatefull Homble-bee,
Sucks vp the ſap,of my poore Cyper tree.

Like *Tantalus* I feede, and faint for foode,
No better fare at Fortunes hands I finde:
Still neere good hap, yet farre from quiet moode,
Toſt vp and downe, like fether in the winde;
Neuer thought on, but euer out of minde.
As world ſhould thruſt a man from credite quite,
So ſeemes to die, and yet muſt liue in ſpite.

If any one that ſtands at VVell-head ſtill,
Had freely fild my empty bucket bare:
Or of himſelfe, had ſhow'd me ſuch good will,
To leaue ſome drops of water to my ſhare;
That I had beene refreſht as others are,
My thirſtye throate or skalded hart had felt,
Some ſucker ſweet that now with heate doth ſwelt.

Or if good mindes of men had broke the yce,
That keepes by cold the fountaine frozen hard:
Or turnd the cock, the conduit or the vice,
That vnder locke is long ſhut vp and bard;
Or to the Prince my ſimple ſute prefard.
I ſilly man had ſure poſſeſt ſome place,
That ſhould make glad my ſelfe and all my race.

No Butter cleaues nor ſticks vpon my bread,
No Honny-combes will breede in my bare hyue:
My gold but glaſſe, my ſiluer worſe then lead,
My luck as bad as any man alyue;
My feeble chaunce, wants force with fate to ſtriue.
That deſt'ny ſtrange that brings no ioyfull day,
That life but death, that findes no ſtaffe of ſtay.

What courſe or trade that honeſt men may hold,
But hath beene ſought and say'd with ſweat of brow:
What arte or drift can any head vnfold,
But hath with wit been tryde and ſearched throw;

What can be namde a grace or vertue now,
But in ſome ſort it hath beene put in proofe,
For publique ſtate, or priuate mans behoofe.

All theſe good parts, rare gifts and graces great,
Are ſpurnd at heere, where duety ſeemes diſdaind:
But necke in yoke once free from fortunes threat,
When bondage hath abroade ſweet freedome gaind;
May laugh to ſcorne at home good credite ſtaind.
Than thoſe rebukes, that bites before my face,
Behind my backe, ſhall ſhowe their own diſgrace.

Heere loſe I time that for good turnes doth gape,
No tarrying where deſerts are troden downe:
Nor dwelling with wild Wolues in humane ſhape,
That ſtill deuours men of their true renowne;
Tweare better liue with *Corridon* the Clowne,
Then come to Court, where tauntes & gyrds abounde,
And gaine growes ſmall, and no great hap is found.

For fifty yeeres and fiue I plide it well,
And burthens bore as backe and bones would breake:
Still fedde with ſhales, yet ſometimes crackt the ſhell,
And kyrnell found to comfort humour weake.
But when lame age hath greateſt cauſe to ſpeake,
They put me off from poſt to piller ſtill,
As though they whypt a horſe about a Myll.

O wilie world, thou art become too fine,
O cunning Court, thou ſhuffleſt Cardes too faſt:
O hungry age, when Souldiours ſtarue and pine,
O cruell dayes, thy date too loong doth laſt;
O faire ſweet words, you proue a bitter blaſt.
O hapleſſe hope, thou breedſt but deepe diſpaire,
Whoſe heauy thoughts breathes out but fuming ayre.

O ſeede ill ſowne, that bringes no harueſt home,
O time ill ſpent, that gets no thanks nor gaine:
O blaſted tree, whoſe boughes will neuer blome,
O ſenceleſſe ſute that breakes both ſleepe and braine;
O cureleſſe griefe, ô carefull endleſſe paine.
O kanckred wound, ô gnawing corſie vile,
That eates vp hart, and driues me in exile.

Now muſt I leaue the Land I like ſo well,
And creepe awaie to forraine Countrey ſtrange,
Now muſt ſtiffe ioynts among ſtrange people dwell,
Now for hard beds I ſhall ſoft lodging change;
Now from ſweet peace, in war ſhall body range.
Nowe ſhot and ſword, and heauy coate of ſteele,
In moſt weake plite, my wearie bones ſhall feele.

And now good Lord, the Prince I honor moſt,
In hart, in ſoule, in feare and conſcience cleere:
To whom next God, I would bequeath my ghoſt,
And all good gifts that God hath ſent me heere,
For her I hold ne life nor blood too deere.
But from her face, of force now muſt I goe,
And to what place, the Lord himſelfe doth knoe.

To begge at home, or borrow is too bad,
To ſteale or ſtarue, or not eſteemd is worſe:
To liue by loſſe, or looke like empty ſwad,
Would make world think I thirſt for thred-bare purſe,
To want and waile, to ban, to cry and curſe,
Were great offence, great folly, ſin and ſhame,
For one foule fault, a man may loſe good name.

Then freendes and foes farewell, God mend you all,
The one bewitcht me daily with faire words:
The other ſought, with quarrell or lewde brall,
To conquer him, that neuer feard your ſwords.

To ſeeke ſweete meate vpon your bitter bordes,
Is ſeruage ſuch, as few free mindes would wiſh,
Groſſe fare exceedes ſo deere a dainty diſh.

So plainely paſſe, in Pilgrims habite poore,
Eate what thou find'ſt, in Cottage thacht with ſtraw,
Leaue thoſe that lacke, for almes at Princes doore,
Where thou haſt beene, a ſubiect vnder Law.
But tell not how, in yoke thy youth did draw,
Like Oxe that goade pricks forward to his paine,
To plowe the ground for wealthy Farmers gaine.

Much like the Bee, that flyes to eu'ry flowre,
To bring home ſap, to make ſweet homney ſtill:
And when he hath doone all lyes in his powre,
To ſhow the loue or fruite of his good will.
In ſteed of thanks, when he doth meane no ill,
Then is he burnt, or flung in flaming fire,
Becauſe new Bees contents fine worlds deſire.

Yea, as the Horſe, that many yeeres and daies,
Hath labred long, and ſerud his Maiſters neede:
And borne him well, through many deep foule waies,
And on good Corne and hay was wont to feede.
Yet waxen old, and cannot doe the deede,
He is caſt off, and faine to play the part
Of Hackney Iade, or els muſt draw the Cart.

A cold reward, for labour toyle and ſweate,
As ſmall regard is made of many men:
Why then his wit and wiſedome is as weake
As Waltams-calfe, that plaies the fondling then,
To weare out life, and ſerue with ſword and pen.
Where Horſes hap, is founde in worſe degree,
Then Oxe in yoke, or in the hiue the Bee.

I vvaſte but vvordes, to waile or tell my wrong,
Their eares are ſtopt that ſhould redreſſe the ſame:
Vnto the dead I ſing a dolefull ſong,
I ſeeke for fire, where vvater quencheth flame;
I ſvvim on ſeas, yet ſinck in open ſhame.
I thirſt and faint for drinke at fountaines head,
I ſtarue for foode, where thouſands eate their bread.

Well, vvelcome vvant, I feele thee not alone,
My fellowes dvvels in ſtately Court perhaps,
That doth for want of fleſh gnavv neere the bone,
Who ſeldome ſucks ſweet milke from Fortunes paps,
Yet plyes the Court, vvith curtſies, knees, & caps.
A thraldome fit, for ſuch as loues faire ſhoe,
But hath no wit, nor knowes not vvhere to goe.

The Lord be bleſt, ſome beare a better braine,
And ſoone can ſhovv, the blot that ſeruage brings:
Haue vvit enough to keepe them out of raine,
And knowes full wel, vvhere ſhoe or ſaddle wrings;
In ſilence ſo, I knit vp all theſe things.
Farevvell fine Court, my plainnes is vnfit,
Among the flock of gallant gueſts to ſit.

Poore, plaine and true, and ſure of right good race,
Takes leaue of you, and therof makes no vauntes:
Yet eu'ry where, will ſhow plaine true mans face,
For that in vvorld, his deedes and deſt'nies graunts.
No force though Court yeelds him but open taunts.
God and good Prince, in time can vvay that vvell,
And make ſad man, at length in quiet dwell.

*FINIS.*

*A ſhort Prayer.*

From fiue extreames God me preſarue,
Which common plagues all harts doe hate:
To beg, to borrow, ſteale, or ſtarue,
Or not eſteemd in publique ſtate.